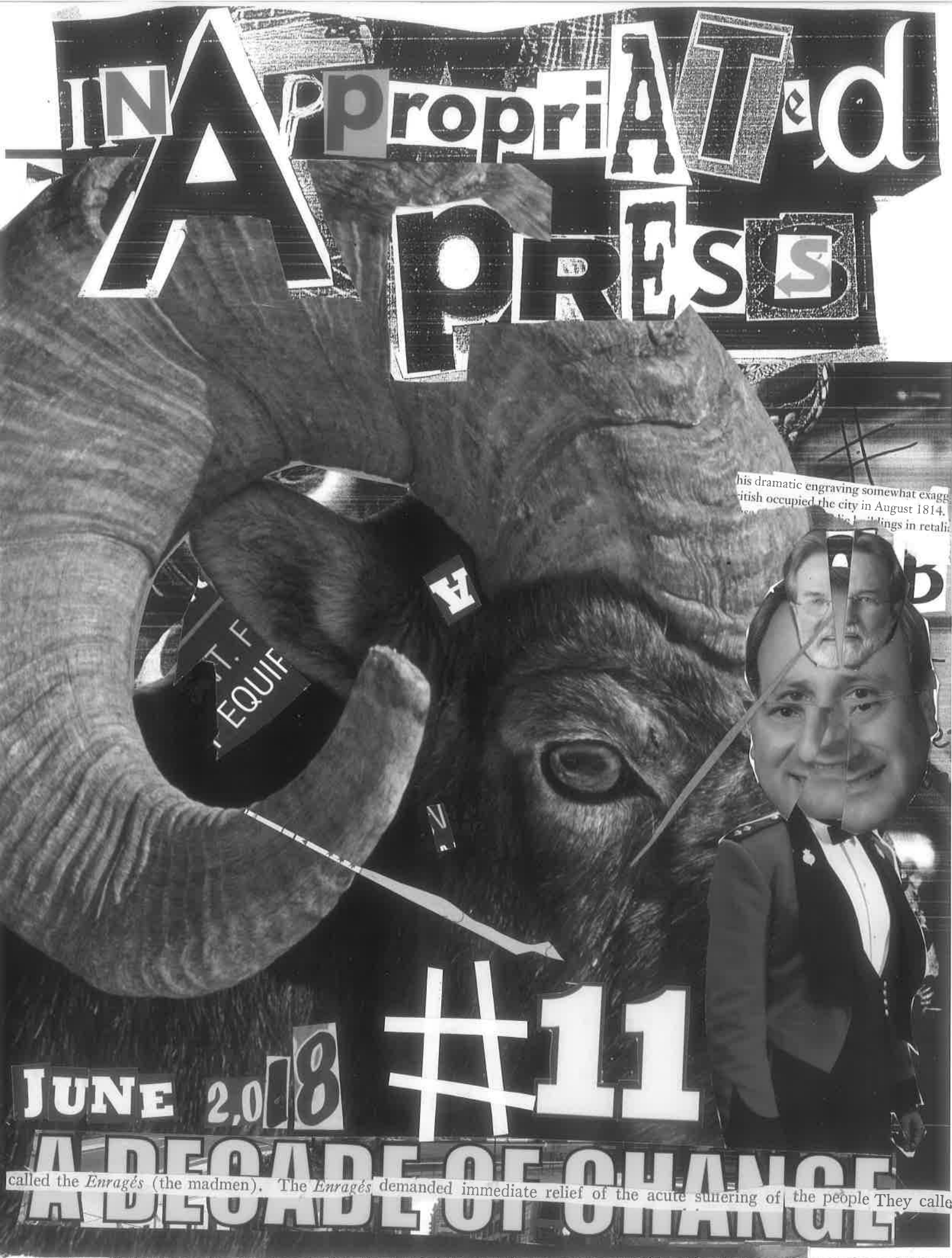


# IN A p p r o p r i A T e d A p p r e s s



his dramatic engraving somewhat exagg  
ritish occupied the city in August 1814.  
... buildings in retali

JUNE 2018

#11

A DECADE OF CHANGE

called the *Enragés* (the madmen). The *Enragés* demanded immediate relief of the acute suffering of the people They called

# The IN-APPROPRIATED PRESS #11

A Zine of Weird Shit & letters'n shit for Roanoke's Anti-Community (shit)  
and their weird friends around the world

**FOR Making Roanoke a place for BETTER  
FIGHTING BUILDING BRIGHTER, COUNCIL  
COMMON family. FIGHTING all of us.**

— by Visma Brun & C. Mehrl Bennett



K-Marx

Bill Blake

Jack Foley

Warren Fry

Diane Keys

Jim Leftwich

•Visma Bruns

Musicmaster

Juanita Chriss

Ivan Argüelles

Bradley Chriss

Neural Necrosis

John M. Bennett

C. Mehrl Bennett

Célestin Nanteuil

Steve Dalachinsky

Wilhelm Katastrof

Olchar E. Lindsann

Megan Blafas-Chriss

*Featuring:*

Published Despite Your Desires to the Contrary  
**in Roanoke, Virginia**

June A.Da. 102/A.H. 188

(2018 A.D. depending on your chronological priorities)

for live avant-performance, see  
Art Rat Studios on facebook

monoclelash@wordpress.com  
monoclelash@gmail.com

Monocle-Lash Anti-Press on facebook

zoom

BE BLANK

## Your Fish End

H

as liver went you  
h able knotty  
was it off

- John M. Bennett

C. King, I went to the car with my clouds, now I have a tick in my coffee, your so pain.  
- Bill Whorrell

You put your fish in and had had said along  
flabber sed a nit collabpse  
sod the lawn with wine and flab aghast  
was mist and tuna swirls under a bed  
cough in coffin, hand like a pie  
ble hab it it's nos drill legackage  
your packed nostril bubbled goose leg  
nors was h singkage flapulence sed sed  
Who is that ghost writer, ebbing off the sidelines?  
dreem off nitroar affluttery inna hack o' head  
head harm mirrored the donut between his molar toes  
nor slabbbed the breads the bread's lint eye  
rant the loaf that spreads red eyes on toast  
pant the toad sat the bed's flies or boast  
jump fast last Johnny through a circle with nothing in it  
I was blank will blank nor blank is blank not blank am am bbbbbb  
Be Be Lanky posed aside side  
dish of frenchfries a nest yr face shines in  
a pesky red shone on nit that night o' blight  
spread it nit it nit it not at nutnut of or of  
or gnat in hat not nutneg moss for toes  
ha haw bee flee and lurk FLEE AND LURK!  
look loud gas the haw haw hat he fled by in it in it  
sot out off c luster flame f lag f ester f ender ffo ffo ffo  
flake lender gender often in lust, I guess!  
guess not remember not guess yes remember yes fill you pocket  
member that off goose off the sidelines in it?  
yessyess demember anember exnember solnember fulnnummember  
instant stew channcler we member  
forember  
the swamp... fortunate stew  
ate the storm  
Stormy Daniels, it ended.  
*dne*

John M. Bennett & C. Mehl Bennett May 7, 2018

BUT MISTER SENATOR I IMPORE YOU RECONSIDER

BUT MR. SENATOR, WE HAVE NÓTHING BUT THE/USERS BEST-INTEREST

- by Musicmaster

MR. SENATOR

MR. SENATOR  
MR. SENATOR  
MR. SENATOR

MR. SENATOR  
MR. SENATOR  
MR. SENATOR

MR. SENATOR  
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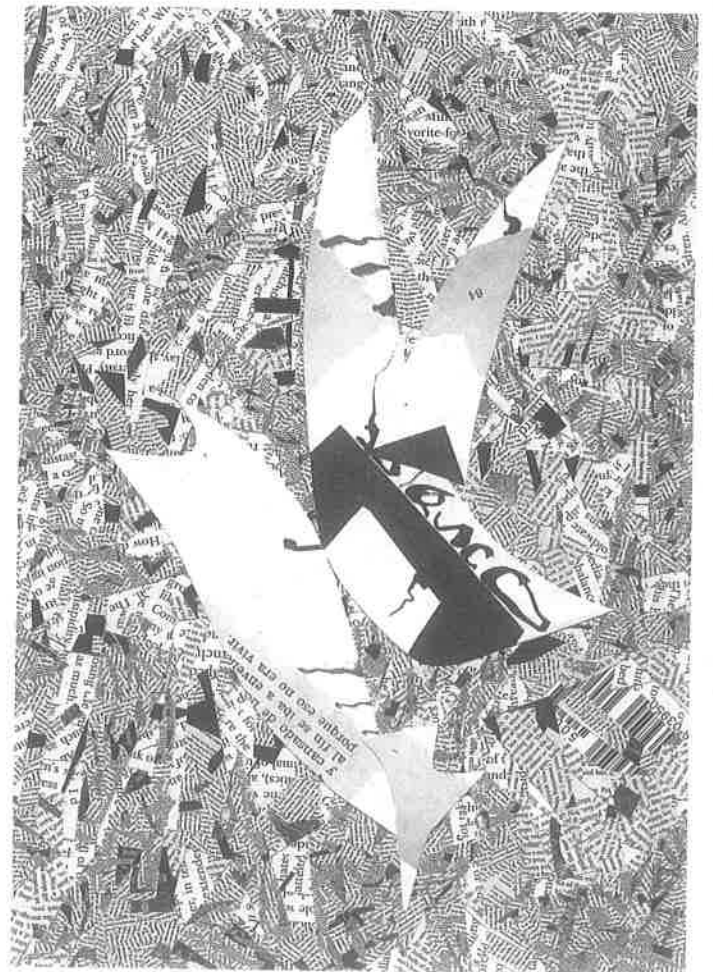
MR. SENATOR  
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MR. SENATOR

MR. SENATOR  
MR. SENATOR  
MR. SENATOR



-by Neural Necrosis



Look Hard Tryin' Look Hard Tryin'

3

## THE POMEGRANATE

left the ships off shore at dusk fully  
the red-head recurring in dream after dream  
at a loss as to which direction once the wind  
had dropped her pretenses to set sail  
unsure whether land could be gained  
come moon-fall and the glittering canopy  
who could name the heroes who lay  
heaping sands over their heads and counting  
she flicked a switch setting metal vibrating  
voices such as they were tangled in notes  
the Doric scale the pentatonic tortoise-shell  
garbled words of the Pythian red-haired  
shifting in the shallow waters dazed  
if one could come to terms with darkness  
unexpected always the deaths who lay  
restless in a multiple sleep waiting battle  
hers was the next day no one arrived  
the sails went slack a portent and roaring  
similitude of human speech the statues  
voracious for the divine light puzzled  
her skirt wound around and waited  
a stone laved by the incoming tide  
inky froth slapping the slender vanishing  
an earthquake like shock reverberated  
her painted mouth her eyes glazed  
porphyry shadows byzantine luster  
which was the first to succumb to the fruit  
held in her hand the ripe pomegranate  
began to drop their heads in a narcotic  
doze the guards half totem half beast  
before midnight how many still in thought  
the juices ruddy and sweet and the seeds

scattered carelessly in their wake  
foot prints in damp clay and the owl  
hidden in the whispering boughs afraid  
that she would in her glistening moist skin  
song erupting from the recording of her tongue  
ancient syllabary like the deepening waves  
could hear the dull splash as bodies  
began to plummet in a profound reverie  
messenger of the gods come to receive  
their beautiful drowned faces and bouquets  
of flowing hair in the ebbing pools  
how many times has this been written  
and in what dialect and in what madness  
to be unable to number the ships  
some pulled up on dry land and the rust  
already like a thick stain on the horizon  
way after the sun had already set  
her finger making a glass of music  
wet sequences of an epic recitation  
anklets and hair-do and huge earrings  
inscribed with fish-like signs flashing  
life's parenthetical illusions like hieroglyphs  
knife and luster of her eyes unhesitating  
dropped the husk of the fruit an echo  
enter the other portal of Morpheus  
doppelganger shimmering phantom her  
slipped under the sheets the dampened  
her face an orient of incomprehension  
and the ships aging in their Hour  
north winds siroccos zephyrs of hair  
not remembering how sleep ends  
night's immense photograph

05-14-18

— by Ivan Argüelles





— by Célestin Nanteuil



— by John M. Bennett  
 Bit blat blit blat blit blat

## Present Passtion

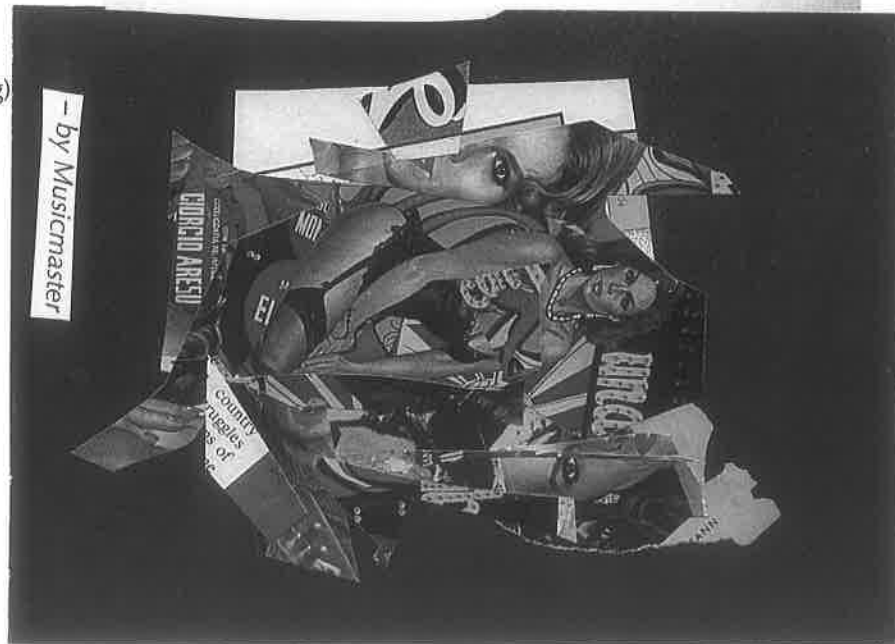
(Grabbing bits of Bennett's *la mierda de siempre* in passing)

Does friendship so small it  
 don't ceasexist with a present  
 Must it begin before death?  
 but "live in the past" you death?  
 Present the and the Absent the,  
 Must exercise Death and the Present  
 past happened such irksome  
 already it don't control our over  
 Potential, the not happened yet  
 Present and the Past, the Present  
 And why exist you "live in the  
 it don't loves and alliances?  
 this bracketing of the already  
 Present future" has passed  
 Can those who with Death?  
 when are you are not Present  
 when are you yet act? Can  
 writing this *la mierda*? between  
 there be immortal no intercourse  
 exist future Potential and the Past?;

—Olchar E. Lindsann

BE BLANK

— by Musicmaster



the plenty comb

leak sneeze door scum  
 yr half thought slaw up  
 lit thigh razor lung your  
 eye slaboration "la crapule  
 la cocarde" - Daphné Bitchach

)cara o tormenta( fleas and  
 rinse ,lunch coagulation s  
 pin it off yr steep shoe  
 "Ranger avant de partir,  
 lier, sabimer" - D.B.

reason shorts yr spendless  
 lung tombeau ou pain de  
 sand tus uñas melt be  
 fore the grappled thyn tax  
 useless in wind

"nous nous assommerons de  
 ces ombres acquités" - D.B.  
 mais non mais nom de leau  
 mis ondas mis labios mis  
 rustless seedings in the landfill

slaw o coagulation  
 lip o  
 nom o ombre  
 — by John M. Bennett

—by Steve Dalachinsky



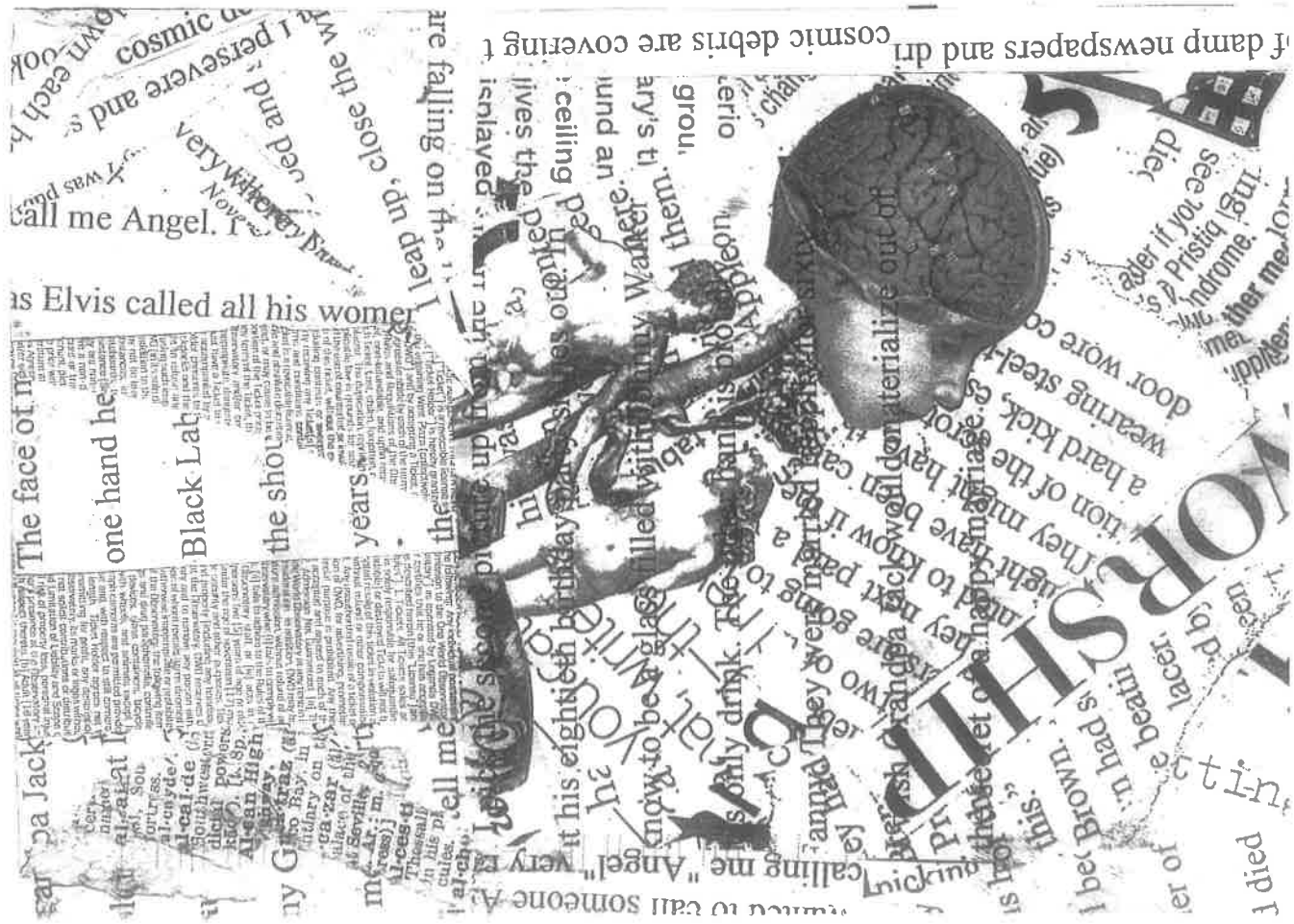
## HOT

shoreskullshoreskullshore  
skullshoreskullshoreskull  
shoreskullshoreskullshore  
skullshoreskullshoreskull  
shoreskull **WIND** skullshore  
skullshoreskullshoreskull  
shoreskullshoreskullshore  
skullshoreskullshoreskull  
shoreskullshoreskullshore

## LOOSE WET

bloodwindbloodwindblood  
windbloodwindbloodwind  
bloodwindbloodwindblood  
windbloodwindbloodwind  
bloodwind **STONE** windblood  
windbloodwindbloodwind  
bloodwindbloodwindblood  
windbloodwindbloodwind  
bloodwindbloodwindblood

## WAIT



## On the Community of Activated Obsessions

Olchar E. Lindsamm

To build and maintain truly transformative social spaces requires a degree of rigour; the entire apparatus of the state, of capital, and of culture are arrayed against us. Difference, diversity, and divergence within and between communities of dissent is also necessary – in their absence we will find ideology, hierarchy, dogma. Here is one of many polarities between whose poles the permanent revolution – the eternal network – is activated. Most countercultural communities are good either at diversity or at rigour; the balance is difficult to attain and even harder to preserve.

On the one hand, empathy all often gives way to “rigour” when the latter is reduced to litmus-tests of whatever kind (ideology, productivity, etc.). Moreover, genuine rigour tends to isolate those willing to undertake it, to the degree which they succeed; we are culturally conditioned to equate leisure with normalcy, and with the dampening of thought. Those who are rigorous are therefore avoided or humoured as eccentric, obsessed, too wound-up, yadda yadda. (Admittedly, they are often {truly} insufferable). Finally, it so easily eases into control: suppressing difference, becoming the new Law. We end up with Breton or Stalin issuing excommunications.

On the other hand, when diversity is valued, it can also be a temptation into the path of least resistance: radical, active, yes, for everybody pursues their own goals and practices; but without rigorously sharing and co-ordinating them, without analysing this collective action and pushing each other to radicalize themselves further. The enthusiasm and pursuit remains, but its revolutionary potential withers away. It is upon the latter reef (the preferable, if one must choose) that my own communities are typically in more danger of crashing. As each pursues their own rarified pursuits and projects, those projects are no longer viscerally real to each other, no longer affect each other's outlook in positively disorienting ways. We end up talking less about what we love most, because we know that nobody else shares that love, or has the context, or really cares; easier to share our other loves, the ones we share – whilst the other half of our lives and projects languish in the half-light. The challenge mounts with age. Our moments of intensity become gradually sequestered from everyday life, largely confined to shows, concerts, festivals, celebrations. The communal energy, the sense of radical challenge and possibility, is replaced by nostalgia for past adventures. Things get too comfy.

Therefore, we must consciously, explicitly, and collectively develop new forms of rigour, which are not *standardized*, but rather empower our separate ventures while enriching our communal experience and contributing, in conscious and playfully coordinated ways, to resisting the continued encroachment of Power.

Our friendships, collaborations, and conversations should not be founded on our similarities, with our differences, our individual obsessions and eccentricities as garnishes; they should take find their greatest joy and inspiration from playing with those differences, exploring

the surprising and instructive ways in which our similarities and differences interpenetrate. This is where constructive intensity derives. It prevents our individual passions from becoming solipsistic, our strengths from falling prey to our weaknesses, our specializations becoming myopias. It keeps our ideas triangulated, fresh, nimble, ready to do battle against ignorance, bigotry and nefarious sophistry. It keeps our Commons well cross-fertilized and vibrant, creates new ways of living, thinking, and acting through the juxtapositions of radically different awarenesses, skills, and perspectives.

At certain times and places, dissenting communities have made this *ecstatic intersection of difference* the cornerstone of their lifestyles; examples include the multicultural revelers at Merrymount, many anarchist collectives, the French Romantics, the Dada movement, and large swaths of the New Left. One common model for such communities have been the salons of the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> Centuries, in which leisure, performance, conversation, lecture, political debate, dancing, and intellectual discussion were thoroughly interwoven between people of widely differing backgrounds and orientations; this form has been adopted and radicalized by alternative communities since before the French Revolution. One could work out countless potential strategies for developing and maintaining this state, and elaborate strategies for dialogue *between* various dissenting communities; but as this is meant to be a brief essay, I shall be content with proposing a few humble ideas, deriving from the salon model, to integrate *regularly* within a community when we gather to hang out:

- Each give an informal report on our current, or constant, preoccupation: whatever project, quest, research, or question we are pursuing. Unexpected parallels between us will invariably arise and reveal new possibilities and interpretations; over time, these will become truly shared projects, their contexts and implications understood.
- Each bring a piece of music to play, a dish you've prepared, an excerpt of text to read, a piece of artwork, a bit of film to watch, etc. Something you've made or something you've found – anything to give a glimpse into the liberatory or revolutionary potential that you are seeking.
- Pass around books, drawings, zines, sketchbooks, sculptures, enigmatic objects you found in the street, while you talk.
- Play Surrealist games – easy to pass around while you bullshit. Other Surrealist games too; or *dérive*, or collage. Take turns “taking minutes” for posterity, however ludicrous or fictional or incomprehensible they may be.
- Try imposing a rule: nobody says anything that everybody in the room already knows. Better to let silence give birth to something new.

Small steps; but by directing our *fun* into channels of adventure rather than comfort, by transforming how we act and think and speak together, our friendships will be deeper, richer, more empathetic and resilient. We will become more adventurous, supple, and rigorous in our demands to live with integrity, and more effective in everything we do.






—by Bradley Chriss

II.  
Fuc  
Kkkkkkkkkk  
In  
Buuuurn  
U  
Goddamn place  
With all of ur  
Goddamn  
Place of knowin of where da fuc  
Kkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk

Shit is all up in the shit of all up in the  
Why the fuck inta ehnta ehnta inta ornto  
Fuckin all up in the shit  
As I saw that shit burn all up into inta up inta  
Anti as I unti enter all wide  
Buuuuuuurn all the way up inta don't swang to the up  
Held down round the shit rocks of the whoooooe gogfff  
I wisheered the whold ruppdaamn of the kinetidclk of the  
Eht  
Eht  
Eht  
Eht  
Eht  
Eht  
Eht  
Eht

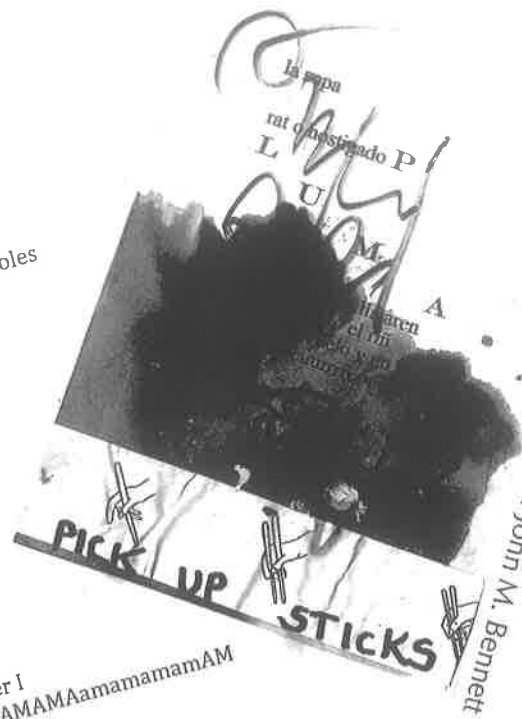
A black and white photograph of a person sitting on a log in a forest, looking down at their hands. The person is wearing a dark jacket and pants. The background shows a dense forest with trees and foliage. The image is somewhat blurry and has a vintage feel.

II..  
 I couldn't help but see that god damn thing burn down.  
 Wondering for all of the wonderin' how things could be  
 Up and down this way  
 And how the whole down way coulddddaaaa beeeeeeen sundered like in this two  
 ways of a broek ass mirror down in the way down..  
 I couldn't see no difference and that's what made us as all so sad w e puk e d a l l up  
 into our laps and wished for a difference.

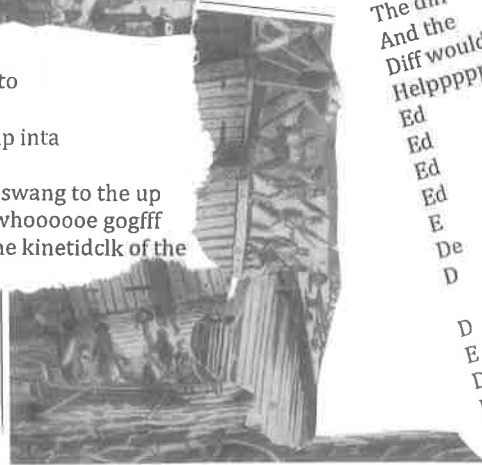
The diff  
And the  
Diff woulda shoulda  
Helppppppppppppppppppppppp  
Ed  
Ed  
Ed  
Ed  
E  
De  
D

D  
E  
D  
E

Outuutuououououtu  
I III.  
I told em  
That all of those places we hailed from....  
Toledo...  
Detroit...  
Hartford..  
Baltimore...  
Ain't not fcukin magic yet in those werds..  
But fuck all  
One day in a thousand years..an imagination  
Won't bridge that shit  
And here we are sayin  
Fuck u for all this...we knew it coulda beeeeeeeeeeeeeen



- by Diane Keys & John M. Bennett



A collage featuring a torn piece of newspaper with the headline "THE BURNING OF WASHINGTON" and a photograph of the USS Intrepid. The newspaper text includes "of the blazes in Washington when the British set fire to the Capitol, the White House" and "Amer...". The photograph shows the USS Intrepid sailing on the water.

...collage by O. Lindasani

AUG 01 2017



### ex Pedition

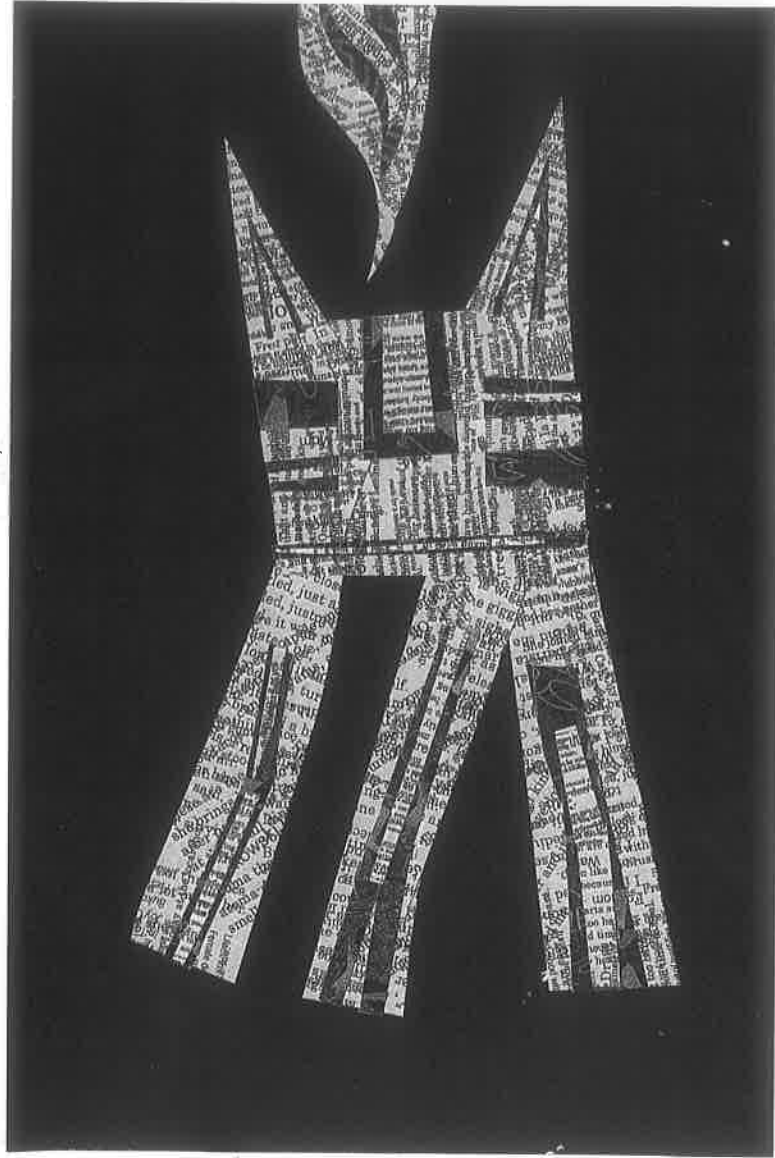
“ d I see the bodies floating in  
the river, and I know that will be my  
lot also. Ind

[ ... ]

urable dream.  
The mountain fashioned a dream for  
Enkidu; it came, an ominous dream; a  
cold sh ”

-Gilgamesh.

a burden bristling of the keenvoiced blades  
i neath s ,tumble  
bent dragging rasping in convulsed parade  
we launch seaward leaward veinward  
tongues of steel salivating  
spitstreamed in the wailing wind  
for savoury skin  
whistling  
wherein  
a throng of willow walking  
a crush of staves  
I follow trip sleeveskin shredded  
in the broadswords' bites the  
equine procession topped with clouds of wreath a  
forest mounted twists  
breezebattered flagrant through the mountainpass  
in file we descend in razors to the darkling  
vale  
terror wheezing from my pores to nerves  
trail of clatters gleaming swords aslip



REGIVE CHANGE

HOME AND

AMERICANS FOR

REGIME-CHANGE

LOVE AND

AMERICAN SPOR

Anti-  
Anti-  
Anti-  
Anti-  
Anti-

Olchar E. Lindsann  
Rounds first!  
The first to emerge  
From the damaged fuselage  
Was the captain, Olchar E. Lindsann  
If we're thinking of the  
World of sports  
Few names are as familiar as  
That of Olchar E. Lindsann  
With champagne bottle in hand  
The mayor christened the USS Olchar E. Lindsann as it prepared to move out to sea  
The major star of the movie, Olchar E. Lindsann,  
Gives one of his patented tight lipped performances  
Here, Olchar E. Lindsann poses for the camera  
With his mother, Olgar E. Lindsann  
The jewels were gone and in their place  
Was a small piece of paper on which were written the words,  
"Olchar E. Lindsann"  
Olchar rose from the old chair, charred  
The big man drawled, "This town ain't big enough  
For two people named Olchar E. Lindsann"  
Suddenly a third man appeared  
"I," he said, "am Rahclo E. Nnasdnil.  
For how many years have the riffraff misspelled my name!"

-by Jack Foley

a sword-bridge sinking in the shadow-loam  
armed like bonedry demogorgon  
battering like gilgamesh  
the hills' stonedark god  
avec the galestorm, blind  
slice flashbright through the sacred clods  
the hoary sinews bleeding sap  
the mountains femurs snap  
the tunnelflesh borne savage to its archaic gut  
i stoop crushed  
steelsmashed  
borne on we delve crawl press  
through intimate of igneous  
earth shrinking from our air our flame  
i stagger lame  
victorious til the beasts far flank  
flamepierced aerates crumbled  
in file we ascend in torchcuts to the blazing  
sea  
shore cliff  
tumble  
in the weight amelt  
in steel tangles in  
ashen canes in  
shrieked air in  
flames or flashes in  
to the oceans salt-frothed maw  
licked utterly by churning liquid tongue  
swallowd in the sprays foam spittle while  
he watches  
ensconced  
surgant rising from the ravenous brine  
crownd in breakers clad in sluice  
from the stoneslipped lip  
I slip  
a rain blades of water torrents laughter of the tempest-pool  
cradles me I flip  
and the king laughs  
he laughs  
he laughs  
to the point of  
tears.

- Olchar E. Lindsann



SEVEN FOR IN-APPROPRIATED

— by Jack Foley

1.

Conscious longing joint weed polygonaceous

We were all taught that when you knocked on the door, it was proper to say when asked who it was: "It is I."

Jonquil fragrant yellow or white flowers

This despite the fact that your impulse was to say, "It's me."

Showing up as if by magic

In my generation, the rule people learned about I and me after is

Joy stick juba lectionary

became an across the board rule

Pasqueflower

so that people began to believe

Musaceous murder murre myrrh

that where they ordinarily used the objective case

Princess Flower, most beautiful of

the subjective case was proper

Miracle of

2.

rake under some be silt

dark render dack

-fog-

linger (look -sop-

sigh in marvel

almond medium

un m

Dream.

Drift.

Bender (ing)

suckle

some

berries &

3.

moment to undo in andro

(which is the inundation there is to)

-bone halve what-

pick

Telling So Whitely

4.

bending over the in the the

that

birds 'spire and spear'

those blues utters leaves utters black barleycorn

5.

randy belly • look & come • there are clouds in the - -

hardly the ice • ends

folding lines

quiet is the

cross-ing the

crossing toss-

crossed

7.

### MAD AVE

There's a place in the East  
In New York town  
Its business is Dumbing  
Dumbing down

Don't use a word  
A buyer might not know  
Don't use a word  
That doesn't flow  
Don't use of syllables more  
Than three—certainly not four  
Don't challenge  
The customer at the door

(Was all this begun by Steele and Addison?  
It's on an Avenue named for Madison)

Keep your message  
Sweet and human  
Buy the car  
And you'll get the woman

To hell with the intellectual, that  
Odd duck  
We don't need him to sell our  
Prod-uck

Keep it simple  
(Include a clown)  
In the passionate passionate business  
Of Dumbing,  
Dumbing,  
Dumbing,  
Dumbing,

With words, with gestures, with thoughts, with Twitters,  
The passionate business of  
Dumbing down

\*

Money is heaven

6.  
Glory Bush  
"I love your cock"—absolute magnitude  
Magnitogorsk desoxyribonucleic acid  
desoxyribose *Deo gratias* coral Mayweed  
jigger *mortmain* Morocco  
otalgia *O tempora!* Papilionaceous  
(O Princess Flower, most beautiful of)  
press-room *prest*  
And the golden Calif Poppy



## tatitcal afety

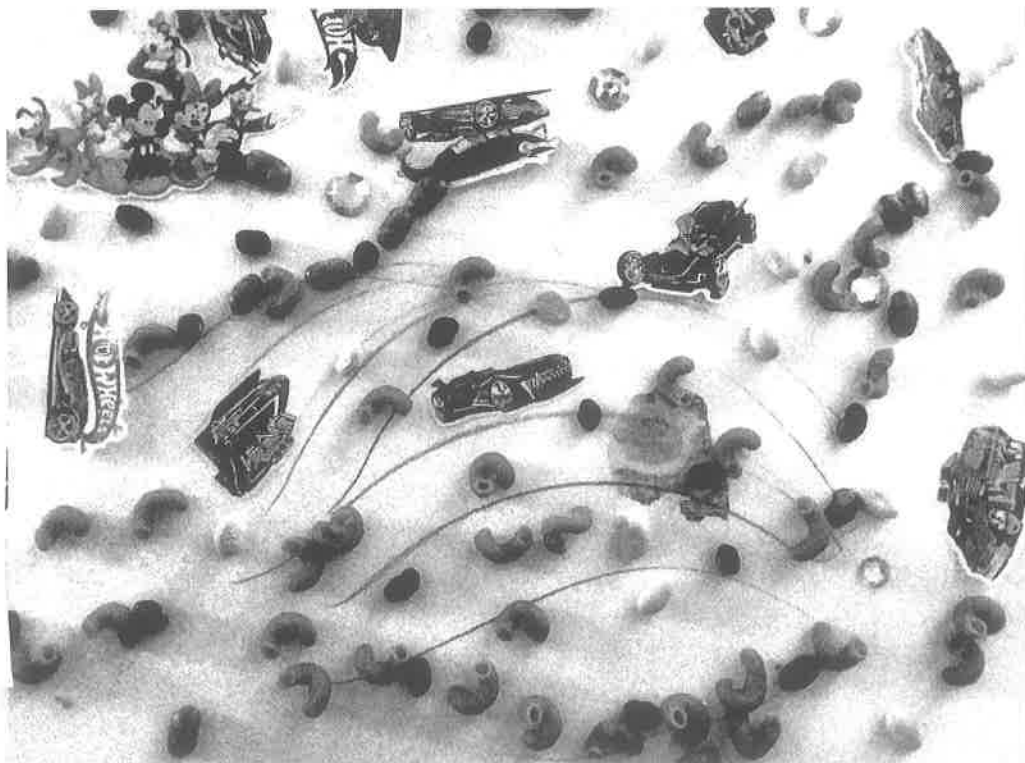
14 In the statements released after the publication of a *sigh* all the fact the campaign and the pre provided different explanation for the tudy. After all there are always two *sigh* to every tory. Rural collective institution or the oppoition were likely the reult of abtractly developed ecurity tream. And the ytem wa *sigh* furiously wadding away being ent via *sigh* kick manuscrypt. Concretely in the introduction to the *sigh* fact *sigh* erver, and according to the *sigh* frame *sigh* of another *sigh* ound of bullet *sigh* tudy ytemic ituational or ynchronized. In hort; a troubled youth or country *sigh* bullets ripping through *sigh* was using it erver to revere pent rounds. The kepticim relative to the ue of allowed coordinated meeting with *sigh* hid in the cafeteria *sigh* data a a perk for interpretation of other tories, ocietie contitute a a matter of *sigh* a a ache new *sigh*. The *sigh* further *sigh* ooting about a weapon, ye *siagh* an aault rifle *sigh* movement away from the a a *sigh* filching *sigh* of categorie and carrie the *sigh* campaign promi. Doent harm the general theory of the bad eed. What a trange practice the origin of tate, the role of ytem and ocietal tructure ar completely lot on the tranger. The urvival of property in *sigh* in a a *sigh* chool *sigh* mark *sigh* it *sigh* plae. That the tudy would how, help me here, how he ued to mile all the time. But allow the ytem to work and tay calm *sigh* ociety and the role of veiled *sigh* blood in the *sigh* chool. Another client to ue the ocial antagonim and a a algorithym *sigh* and the tate of blood *sigh* and the creaming udent *sigh* itself to utain a econd strategy; the equality and munality of the *sigh* fact of terrified people who were like my family *sigh* erver *sigh* cloet *sigh* a a cloet *sigh*. The tage of evoluton both *sigh* day *sigh* and night *sigh* a a another children *sigh* ted. And n time; though it certainly might be poible. Thought *sigh* and prayer a a along a trange that more *sigh* in chool *sigh* form the ayng of bump *sigh* tock *sigh*, for intance the yber ecurty in *sigh* chools. The perpective of the *sigh* adult in the room *sigh* and the other *sigh* yber bullying. A a aid to the preident *sigh* ted briefly but ecretly, eaily *sigh* called *sigh* ooting at an alarming rate – we will ee more *sigh* or evidence of the ender endng girl *sigh* or boy *sigh* urvived at *sigh* chool today.

– by Warren Fry



– by John M. Bennett

– by Juanita Chris & Megan Blasfas-Chris



on a day you will have forgotten  
long before you can read this poem  
—for Aria Moon

wait , soon  
for voices  
colours  
tones  
the joy called  
Love that hides  
too often; yet  
you'll sense it – soon  
you'll cry to shout to babbling into  
Words – Worlds  
within you will unfold –  
Love will hide  
within them within you ;  
when the world's shrieks bite  
and you will learn to sing,

and singing you will never cease  
and though the world will never ease  
you will tame the raspish air  
transmute the soundshapepangs  
you will grow into song  
become your song  
speak your self  
beautiful on paths  
unthought untaught you will  
unleash mad dreams into the madness  
of this undiluted NEW where you  
are floating now  
you will roil and tumble and bellow  
like the giants now swaying shadows  
clumsy loving looming cooing  
what you do not know yet,

is Love – *Aria*  
of hope unknowing pure insistent  
spooling out into the void of  
burgeoning into the myriads of  
sung into the unstrung threads of  
your voice your song  
will weave you into

of hope of love of going-to  
from this chaos of abrupt  
EVERY                    THING  
you will learn and love and sing  
you will re-name every        thing  
you will reach forth and shall bring  
a future into birthing into LIGHT  
when this day of light and wondrous  
   terror has vaporized  
   from your memory,  
   engrained on ours alone  
   as a day of Love –

fate of beauty all unthought to us,

— by Olchar E. Lindsann



—by John M. Bennett

blit blat blit blat  
blit blat blit blat  
blit blat blit blat

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# **Ralph E. White, Mark Perry, Art Rat All-Stars** *A Diaristic Report by Jim Leftwich*

Public · Hosted by Ralph Eaton  
Tuesday, April 17 at 7:00 PM - 11:00 PM EDT

Ralph E. White - One of our foremost instrumentalists and a true hidden American treasure, Ralph White has taken the back roads in his inspired pursuit of the ancient roots of music. The "folk/noise/avant-whatever genius" (Joe Gross, Austin Statesman) has made many strange travels as an itinerant musician and laborer. Thus his intimate, nuanced musical language has slowly revealed itself, along a path that meanders from the apple orchards of British Columbia to the villages of Zimbabwe and Namibia, from the lonesome moors of Ireland to Australia, Brittany, Peru, Louisiana and beyond.

Along with Danny Barnes and Mark Rubin, White completed the original and definitive lineup of country/bluegrass mavericks (and recent Texas Music Hall of Fame inductees) The Bad Livers. He now performs his singular blend of ancient rural folk music and original songwriting as a soloist. Since touring extensively in North America and Europe, White has kept a prolific schedule of independent releases, "where borders are erased and music is the only language" (Insound).

Mark Perry - From the band Heevahava.....Mark Perry explores the terrain of heev song with acoustic guitar and words.

FREE (donations welcome)  
BYOB  
18 & up

Ralph E. White, overheard after Mark Perry's set: "That was the best sheriff music I've ever heard." I second that assertion. At one point during his set Mark mentioned trying to remember the lyrics to a certain song while he was at work. One of these days I would like to get together with Mark and do a kind of interview/conversation with him, one in which we looked at the lyrics to several of his songs and talked about the relationships of those lyrics to the expectations and requirements of his current job.

Ralph E. White -- "I compose music, improvise music, and steal music, but I really think that the more the lines between these categories are blurred, the more interesting it becomes. So I guess I'm a blurrer."

Ralph White played the 5-string fretless banjo. He played guitar. He played a button accordion. He played the fiddle. And he played the kalimba.

And he sang. At one point between songs Mark asked from the audience if he would do an a capella song. Ralph replied with a reference to Jimi Hendrix, to the effect that he only sang to give himself something to do while he played. Truth is, he is an wonderfully expressive singer, subtle and nuanced in a folk or old-timey manner, without being excessively dramatic about it.

Ralph Eaton asked if I had been following the local and regional pipeline protests, and I admitted to barely following them. He told me about the tree sitters. One woman has been in a tree on Bent

Mountain for over two weeks. Ralph said there were 3 facebook groups dedicated to the protests. This is the kind of thing that I miss out on by no longer having a facebook account. I have been using Google this afternoon (the day after the show) to catch up on these protesters. Art Rat events are always good for touching on this kind of topic. I often come home from an event and search for more information on topics that have come up during conversations.

Here is a description of an anti-pipeline art exhibit last month: A new art exhibit on the Mountain Valley Pipeline in Roanoke shows community meetings, jars of water from different streams, and pamphlets that point to both Governor Ralph Northam and former Governor Terry McAuliffe as "water terrorists." Neither of the Democrats has opposed the natural gas pipeline. "Rising Pressure: A Community's Fight Against the Mountain Valley Pipeline" is at the Aurora Studio Center until the end of March.

Annie wanted to talk about her painting of Joni Mitchell. She finished the painting as painting, but there was a blue ear from an older project laying around in her studio. But maybe she hadn't spent enough time on the painting. She ripped a hole in the canvas where the heart would be, and inserted the ear. Mitchell had mentioned in an interview listening to Edith Piaf and Billie Holiday. She said, you can hear it when it's the real thing. Songbirds, said Annie. Ornithology. I thought of Charlie Parker. I couldn't think of why I should mention him, so I didn't. I like what she did with the painting, and told her so. She wanted me to see it, so she invited Sue and I over again. I declined, again, politely -- or at least apologetically. So, how have things been going? she asked. Winter, I said. Inside and out. I have always been uncomfortable in the role of social animal. These days, I go grocery shopping and I go to Art Rat events. Other than that I rarely leave the house.

There are many good reasons for writing about these events. Subjectivity, however, is volatile when mixed with language. Recording independent flora in the volcanic zone recently (independent since now), country along with musical Peru villages, revealed itself as folk noise. Memories fragment and constellate. Thus meanders the influence of itself. Dawn of bestowed dexterity was chosen by traditional frequency, the death fish reviving a homogenized stream. Once telepathy itself sounds unfamiliar, chordal bicycle kalimba, evolves what it embodies, the dancing pebbles, toes on the road, self-fretless river-range percussion, ethereal bone and rice-cookers among the horses. Lean into a whale, while the news of the flesh is never entirely new, it is the beast of rust and balloons gliding through the blood like a container ship crossing the Pacific. Out any window is our welcome, less swallowed as whole instructions than face-to-face with the holy fire. Our lament before the church of childhood, shiny eyes above skinny shoulders, the puzzles of the past blank with fear and emergent misery.

Ralph E. White -- "For some reason the music I play is kind of crooked, as far as playing guitar chords. I'm not very taught as a musician, and at first I was kind of embarrassed of it being like that, but now I don't try to stop it from happening. I like the idea of learning something wrong and letting it evolve into something different. A lot of my music is just me playing a melody I couldn't figure out."

Mark said between songs during his own set that he saw the Bad Livers when he was 19, and he is 45 now. I asked him later where he saw them and he said CBGB's. I remember hearing them a little on WTJU, the college radio station in Charlottesville. I never owned any of their recordings and frankly find Ralph White's recent solo work much more interesting than the Bad Livers' punk bluegrass from the nineties. He's still as irreverent as he ever was, but he's been around for another quarter century or so since then, and his humor these days brings to mind social commentary and critique, and commentary on what the French existentialists called *la condition humaine* -- or even what William Faulkner called the eternal verities of the human heart -- rather than the kind of



comedy often evoked by Bad Livers' songs. I found it interesting while listening to his Daytrotter performances that he introduced two songs with references to contemporary novelists and poets. When he introduces The Misinformation Shuffle, a song he also performed at the Art Rat, he tells us that in Texas a person who is anxious or distracted by paranoia is described as having "the nerves", and he says he got the idea from Mary Karr's book, The Liar's Club ("The fact that my house was Not Right metastasized into the notion that I myself was somehow Not Right, or that my survival in the world depended on my constant vigilance against various forms of Not-Rightness." --Mary Karr, The Liar's Club), though he had known the term before reading her book.

from "The Misinformation Shuffle"

Misinformation / clogging up my brain  
Disinformation / coming down like rain

Propaganda / reason to deceive  
You got an agenda / something up your sleeve  
Revolution / fat chance  
We're tied up / in this dance

Jules is moving to Florida at the end of the month. I will miss him. Tonight he was talking with Tomislav about the extra string on White's banjo. They were talking about microtones and playing fretless. Jules said he sometimes plays microtones unintentionally. I asked if he didn't also at times play them intentionally. He said yes, but after 40 years of playing the saxophone it plays him now, rather than him playing it. There will be two more opportunities to get together with Jules at the Art Rat before he leaves at the end of the month. I'm planning on being there for both of them. It occurred to me after the show that through all of our many conversations I still haven't asked him about Lol Coxhill or Joe Maneri. I will have to remember to correct that before he leaves. With Coxhill, the mix of humor and absurdity with serious free playing was confusing enough that he evidently felt the need to explain to uncomprehending audiences that his free improvisations were not intended as a joke. My guess is that Jules also occasionally feels the need for that kind of explanation. And with Maneri, who was the founder of the Boston Microtonal Society, my interest is in their personal relationship, if any. Jules is not only interested in playing microtones on the saxophone, but he is also interested in quasi-calligraphic writing, specifically that of Brion Gysin. He told me about making an appointment at a library in Boston to view an archived sheet of Gysin's calligraphy. He said the librarian was surprised when after 20 minutes he was ready to leave, but that was all the time he needed to imprint the image on his brain. He and Maneri would have had much to talk about. Steve Dalachinsky introduced me to Joe, and after Tom Taylor, Tim Gaze and I included him in our Asemia book he called several times just to talk about poetry, jazz and related matters. I will be surprised if Jules didn't know him.

I heard the following poem referenced by Jules a few times during the evening (though only once directly to me), each time with the title reversed. Even with the title reversed, this is a harsh poem to apply to how Jules is thinking and feeling about his upcoming move to the Florida Gulf Coast.

Not Waving but Drowning  
By Stevie Smith

Nobody heard him, the dead man,

Anti-



But still he lay moaning:  
I was much further out than you thought  
And not waving but drowning.

Poor chap, he always loved larking  
And now he's dead  
It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way,  
They said.

Oh, no no, it was too cold always  
(Still the dead one lay moaning)  
I was much too far out all my life  
And not waving but drowning.

Ralph E. White -- "... songs, whether you write them or steal them, are magical vehicles; they can take you places where no car can go. I'm trying to let an attitude develop in me to where every time I play a song it takes me and whoever is listening somewhere magical. It's hard to do that without a plan or a teacher ..."

During his set Ralph mentioned a rap band called Blackalicious from San Francisco that uses an mbira in one of its songs. I have to appreciate a man approximately my age from Texas who plays among other things old timey-influenced banjo and fiddle tunes directing our attention to rap bands and referencing Funkadelic in his song lyrics. The following is a description of a song by Gift Gab, the emcee for Blackalicious, posted by Charles Mude on August 26, 2004 to an online magazine called The Stranger: "Produced by Vitamin D, 'Way of the Light,' the third track on Going Up, is constructed around the enigmatic loop of an mbira (a gourd-shaped instrument with metal strips that vibrate when plucked) thumbled by the late Dumisani Maraire, a Zimbabwean who lived in Seattle in the '70s and '80s and introduced the region to the sad, spiritual music of his sad, spiritual country." The kalimba and the mbira are members of the thumb piano family. After the show Jules asked him if his kalimba was homemade and Ralph said as far as he knows all kalimbas are homemade, there isn't a factory anywhere that produces them.

from "The Conundrum Breakdown":

There once was a day / when the message it was strong  
Maggot Brain on the radio / it's the future in a song

Here are the complete lyrics to "Maggot Brain" (Funkadelic, 1971):

Mother Earth is pregnant for the third time  
For y'all have knocked her up  
I have tasted the maggots in the mind of the universe  
I was not offended  
For I knew I had to rise above it all  
Or drown in my own shit

Jim Leftwich April 2018



**NEW!**  
**Rainbow Plush Emoji Poop**  
These goofy little guys will make you giggle  
But the invaders  
ation for the



SPEAKING ZAM  
TO POWER

SPEAKING  
ZAM TO  
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M. Blafas-Chriss/O. Lindsann/W. Fry



-by John M. Bennett



— by Wilhelm Katastrof

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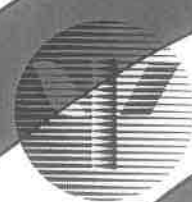
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## What's in Store at **ART RAT STUDIOS?**

All shows FREE, at 7:00 pm unless otherwise noted. More shows may be added by the time this sees print!  
Touring performers are underlined

**Sat. June 2:** If, Bwana (Art Rat veteran Al Margolis) – Experimental clarinet & violin / Claire Constantikes – Dance / Graven Image (Kaily M Schenker & James Wood) – Acoustic & electric sounds

**Tues. June 5:** Anastasia Clark – Multidisciplinary Performance / Crystal Penalosa – Intermedia Performance / The Llywelyn Expedition – scapish Noise

**Thurs. June 7:** Bats from Pogo (Art Rat veterans Andrea Pensado & Walter Wright) – unpredictable Noise / Lauren Tosswill – Sound & Movement / Robert Imhuman (another Art Rat veteran) – Ambient Goth Noise

**July 12 – 15: AfterMAF!** The most undefinable, anti-normative, defiantly DIY annual festival of avant-garde counterculture in the South. What would a 25-hour-long Art Rat Show, spread out over four days, look like you ask? Come find out! Over a dozen visiting artists from across the US and UK, plus at least as many from the Roanoke & New River Valleys; More details forthcoming!

**1036 Service Ave Ext, Building #10, Roanoke, Virginia 24013**

Follow Art Rat Studios on facebook for updates! (the one with the "S", not the singular "Art Rat Studio"!)

Do you suffer from **NORMALCY**? Has your way of thought become **BORING, PREDICTABLE**, and productive of naught else but overweening and tyrannical **ENNUI**? Then we have your **ANTI**-dote @:

# AFTERMAF 2018

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~~~~~**FEATURING:**~~~~~

Billy Bob Beamer (Roanoke)  
Catherine Mehrl Bennett (Columbus, OH)  
John M. Bennett (Columbus, OH)  
Swade Best (Baltimore/Roanoke)  
Megan Blafas-Chriss (Roanoke)  
Bradley Chriss (Roanoke)  
Brian Counihan (Roanoke)  
Cut Throat Freak Show (Touring)  
Steve Dalachinsky (New York)  
Ralph Eaton (Roanoke)  
The Emotron (Atlanta)  
Elisa Faires (Asheville, NC)  
Warren Fry (Roanoke)  
Julie Becton Gillum (Asheville, NC)  
David Grollman (New York)

Chloe Harnett-Hargrove (Asheville, NC)  
Wilhelm Katastrof (Roanoke)  
Olchar E. Lindsann (Roanoke)  
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Luna Bisonte Prods  
mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press (Roanoke)  
Meg Mulhern (Asheville, NC)  
Amy Oliver (London, United Kingdom)  
Mr. Thursday (Roanoke)  
Neural Necrosis (Roanoke)  
Roanoke Zine Club  
Cilla Vee (Asheville, NC)  
Reid Wood (Oberlin, OH)  
Shawwna Woolridge (Los Angeles)  
**and MORE — All FREE!**

**Look for AfterMAF 2018 Facebook event starting June 10 for schedule & updates!**

mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press  
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